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WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

1872.

Printed for private circulation only.

CIRCULAR.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
WOODSTOCK, MD.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

We would solicit Your Reverence's kind judgment upon the undertaking we have proposed to ourselves in these papers. They are the humble beginning of a plan to present our Fathers and Brothers on this side of the Atlantic, with a medium of mutual intercourse. In these pages will be reported the labors and successes of our Brethren in America, that by the example of their fruitful lives, each one of us may be made "emulous of the better gifts."

How consonant this object is with the spirit of our Rules, the Constitutions of Our Holy Father and the general practice of the Society clearly show; and Your Reverence knows how earnestly the heart is moved and strengthened to noble effort, by the recital of the good deeds of those we love.

We are members of one body: each part has its own proper function, and the whole has a sum of activity peculiar to itself. It is wise at intervals to look beyond our own immediate sphere at the onward progress of the whole system, that we may perform our individual evolutions with more telling effect. In this manner only, the varied resources of vast organizations are moved along in exquisite harmony of interests and aims.

And this inter-communion of our moral forces, of labor and sacrifice, of reciprocal encouragement and holy emulation is now the more to be wished among us as the circle of

their action is every day widening. The Society indeed under the blessing of God has grown apace in our land and the time seems ripe for the development of a new and vigorous life. But rightly to foster this fair promise, it should be in our power to strike a chord that will vibrate to kindred sympathies and thus appeal with effect to the zeal that should mark our sacred calling. It will be our very humble yet grateful task to make the publication we present to Your Reverence, the desired channel of communication and in this sense, we respectfully place it at your service.

That the house at Woodstock has no claim to originality in this matter, we all the more gladly allow, as we may turn to the *Laval Letters*, and the *Letters and Notices* of the English Province, not to mention many others, for countenance, example and suggestions in the manner of conducting our periodical. The English publication in particular greets us on its title-page with a sentiment of Our Holy Father whose approbation is as sacred to us as law: "Magnopere juverit alios de aliis certiores fieri, ac audire quæ ex variis locis ad ædificationem et eorum quæ geruntur cognitionem afferuntur."

The Saint would seem to imply that we should know not only what a Jesuit ought to be, but what he is. The lives of his children were to be modelled not only upon the Institute, the Exercises and interior law of love which the Holy Spirit imprints upon our souls, but were to draw vigor also from example in the living present. And as past records kindle the memory into life by recalling what is glorious in the years gone before us, so, too, accounts of what is moving forward in the actual current of events, are highly calculated to thrill the heart with prompt and active sympathy.

The materials for the publication depend upon the charity of our Fathers and Brothers, who from their various stations can contribute wherewith to edify and instruct. While thus communicating an account of their doings to friends with whom they would ordinarily correspond, they will at the same time, and by the same means, confer a favor upon all.

The topics we suggest are the success of missions, remarkable events with regard to colleges and houses, notices of the edifying death of our brethren, etc. Just as new foundations and establishments are matters of great interest, so the early rise and progress of houses and provinces that are already in existence, or old documents which have a bearing the same way, and may not otherwise meet with publicity, are quite to the point.

A current paging is adopted, so that the numbers may be bound together at the end of each year. The frequency of the issues is evidently a matter much depending upon the good will of those who have it in their power to send materials. The earlier these are received at Woodstock the better; and if already in condition for the printers (the writing being on one side of their letter-sheets) we could desire nothing more.

At the same time, as we cordially desire to consult as far as possible the convenience of our contributors, we will add in conclusion that the language or arrangement in which their communications are sent will be no bar to their acceptance. The translation and reduction to form, in such cases we take upon ourselves.

Under your Reverence's approval we offer you these first fruits of a labor of love, entrusting its development and success to your encouragement and the kind interest of all our Brethren.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. I., No. 3.

FATHER WHITE'S RELATION.

[*Continued.*]

During the voyage many singular things happened. In the first place, we met with *flying-fish*, which at one time cut the sea with their wings, and again the high air. They are of the size of flounders, or the larger ray, which also they greatly resemble in taste. They poise themselves in the air, in flocks of a hundred, when they are trying to escape from the dolphins that pursue them. Some of these, when their wings failed them, dropped into our ship; for, at one effort, they do not fly over a space of more than two or three acres; then they dip in the water their wings that have been dried by the air and again commit themselves to the sky.

Inter navigandum multa occurrebant curiosa. In primis *pisces volantes*, qui modo aequor modo aera sublime pennis secabant, passerum magnitudine vel majorum sparulorum quos valde etiam gustu praegrato referunt. Centeni gregatim se in aere librant delphinos cum fugiunt insequentes. Eorum aliqui deficiente pennarum remigio in nostram navim deciderunt; nam uno impetu non amplius quam duorum vel trium jugerum spatium pervolant; tunc pinnas aere exsiccatas aquis rursus immergunt, et se iterum coelo committunt.

When we were distant twenty-one degrees and some minutes from the equator, where the tropic commences, we were permitted to see floating in the air the birds which from their locality they call *tropic* birds. It is uncertain whether these birds, which equal the falcon in size, and are conspicuous for two very long white feathers in the tail, are continually in the air, or rest themselves at times on the water. Other things I omit which are learned from the letters of others.

When we had passed the Fortunate Islands, Lord Leonard Calvert, the commander of the fleet, began to consult with what merchandise to load the ship when about to return and where to obtain it, so that he might lighten the expenses of his brother, the Baron of Baltimore; for the entire burden fell upon him as the chief one of the whole expedition. In Virginia, no advantage was expected from our countrymen, for they are hostile to this new plantation. Therefore, we were steering for the island of St. Christopher, when, after consultation, fearing lest at that late season of the year, others might have anticipated us, we turned our prow towards the south, that we might reach Bonavista, which island is opposite Angola, on the coast of Africa, fourteen degrees from the equator. It is a station of

Cum ab Aequatore uno et viginti gradibus et aliquot minutis abessemus, ubi Tropicus incipit, videre erat aves, quas a loco *tropicas* vocant, in aere pendulas; illae cum falconem mole adaequent, duabus praelongis et albentibus plumis in cauda conspicuae, incertum est an aeri perpetuo insideant, an quandoque aquis se sustentent. Caetera ut aliorum literis nota omitto.

Cum Insulas Fortunatas essemus praetervecti Dominus Leonardus Calvert, Praefectus Classis, agitare coepit quas merces et unde comparare posset navi reduci onerandae quo fratris sui Baronis de Baltimore sumptibus caveret. Illi enim ut totius navigationis Principi onus integrum incumbebat. In Virginia a nostratibus nihil commodi sperabatur, sunt enim huic novae plantationi infensi. Itaque ad insulam Sti. Christophori tendebamus, cum, consilio adhibito, verentes ne ea anni sera tempestate alii nos praevenissent, proras obvertimus ad Austrum ut Bonaevistae potiremur; quae insula, Angolae opposita in littore Africano, gradibus 14 ab Aequatore, statio est Hollandorum salem conquirentium quem deinde vel

the Hollanders for obtaining salt, which they take thence either to their own country or to Greenland to cure fish. The abundance of salt, also of the wild goats with which the island is well supplied, invited us thither; for it is used by nò one as a habitation. Only a few Portuguese, exiled from their country on account of their crimes, drag out their lives as best they can.

Scarcely had we gone two hundred miles, when our counsel being changed, at the suggestion of some, lest provisions might fail us in so great a compass, we turned our course towards Barbadoes. It is the remotest of the Caribbee or Antilles Islands, thirteen degrees distant from the equator, and the storehouse of the other islands, which after the shape of a bow, are extended in a long tract even to the Gulf of Mexico. When we arrived at this Island, on the 3d of January, we were in hope of receiving many articles of trade from the English inhabitants and Governor of the same blood; but a conspiracy being made, they determined not to sell us a bushel of wheat, the price of which in the Island was half a Belgic florin, except at five times its market value, for two florins and a half. For a shote they demanded fifty florins; for a turkey, twenty-five florins; for other smaller fatted fowls of this kind, three florins. Beef

domum vel ad piscem in Groenlandia condiendum conferunt. Copia salis atque etiam caprarum, quarum insula ferax est, eo nos invitabat; nam alioqui habitatore nullo utitur. Pauci tantum Lusitani exilio propter scelera pulsi, vitam ut possunt trahunt. Vix ducenta milliaria confeceramus cum mutatis iterum quorumdam suggestione consiliis ne commeatus in tanto circuitu nos deficeret, deflectimus ad Barbados.

Est ea Carebum seu Antillarum Insularum infima ab Aequatore 13 gradibus distans, caeterarumque quae in modum arcus ad usque sinum Mexicanum longo tractu protenduntur granarium. Ad hanc ut appulimus tertio Januarii in spem venimus multarum commoditatum ab incolis Anglis et consanguineo Gubernatore; sed conspiratione facta, modium tritici, qui in Insula medio floreno Belgico veniebat, nobis nonnisi quintupla proportione duobus florenis cum dimidio vendere decreverunt. Nefrendem unum quinquaginta florenis licitabant: pullum indicum viginti quinque, caetera ejus generis altilia minora tribus florenis. Bovinam

or mutton they had none; for they live daily on corn-bread and potatoes, which kind of root grows in such abundance, that you may take away whole wagon loads without charge.

Reflection upon the Divine Providence mitigated the cruel treatment of men; for we understood that a Spanish fleet was lying at the isle of Bonavista for the purpose of prohibiting all foreigners from trading in salt. Moreover, if we had proceeded on our voyage, we should have fallen into the snare and become a prey to them. In the meantime we were rescued from a greater danger at Barbadoes; for the slaves through the whole Island conspired for the slaughter of their masters, and when they could assert their liberty successfully, resolved to seize the first ship which should arrive and put out to sea. The conspiracy having been disclosed by one whom the atrocity of the deed deterred, the execution of one of the leaders served for the security of the Island and for our safety; for our ship, as it was the first which reached the shore, had been destined for their prey; and on the very day on which we landed we found eight hundred men under arms in order to prevent this most imminent crime.

The length of the Island of Barbadoes is thirty miles, its breadth fifteen miles; it is thirteen degrees from the equator,

seu vervecinam nullam habebant; vivunt enim pane indico et patatis, quod radicum genus tanta affluentia provenit, ut plaustra integra gratis auferre liceat.

Hominum acerbam severitatem Divinae Providentiae consideratio mitigavit. Intelleximus enim ad Insulam Bonaevistae stare classem hispanicam quae exteros omnes salis commercio prohiberet; illo si porro contendissemus itinere constituto in casses praeda facti decidissemus. Majori interim periculo ad Barbados erepti. Famuli per totam Insulam in necem dominorum conspirarunt, tum scilicet in libertatem asserti navi quae prima appelleret potiri statuerunt et tentare maria. Conjuratione patefacta per quemdam quem facti atrocitas deterrebat, supplicium unius ex praecipuis, et Insulae securitati et nobis saluti fuit. Nostra enim navis, ut quae prima littori applicuit, praedae destinata fuerat, et eo ipso die quo appulimus octingentos in armis reperimus, quo recentissimo sceleri obviarent. Insulae Barbadorum 30 milliaria continet longitudo, latitudo 15, gradibus 13 ab Aequatore, calore tanto ut hibernis mensibus incolae

of so excessive a temperature, that in the winter months the inhabitants are clothed in linen, and often bathe themselves in the streams. At the time we arrived it was harvest. Unless the constant winds tempered the heat it would be impossible to live there. Their beds are coverlets woven artfully together out of cotton. When it is time to rest, they sleep in these, stretched by ropes to a couple of posts on each side. In day time again, they put them wherever they please. Their principal merchandise is corn and cotton. It is pleasant to see the manner in which the cotton hangs from the stalk and the abundance of it. The shrub from which it grows is not larger than the prickly Bear's foot, which the vulgar call *barberin* though more like a tree than a thorn. It bears a pod of the size of a walnut, but of a sharper form, which cleft into four parts gives forth the cotton, rolled together in the form of a nut, whiter than snow and softer than down. There are six small seeds, the size of a vetch in the cotton, which, gathered at its time, and freed by a kind of wheel from the seed, they place in sacks and put away.

There is a wonderful kind of cabbage, which has a stalk that grows to the height of one hundred and eighty feet; it is eaten either raw or boiled; the stalk itself of the length

lineis vestiantur, et aquis se saepius immergant. Messis tum erat cum appulimus. Nisi frequentes venti aestum temperarent impossibilis esset habitatio. Lecti sunt stragula vestis ex gossipio affabre texta; in hoc cum est quiescendi tempus, funibus appenso ad duos hinc inde palos dormiunt, de die iterum quocumque libet auferunt. Merces praecipuae sunt frumentum et gossipium. Jucundum est videre modum et copiam pendentis ex arbore gossipii. Arbor ex qua nascitur major non est oxyacantho (quam vulgus Berberia vocat) quamquam arbori quam spinae similior; haec nodum fert magnitudine juglandis, forma acutiori, qui in quatuor partes dissectus, gossipium nive candidius et pluma mollius, in speciem nucis convolutum fundit. Gossipio sex parva semina insident, viciae aequalia, quod tempore suo collectum et rota quadam a semine expeditum condunt in saccos et asservant.

Brassicae genus admirandum est, quae cum caulem habeat in centum et octoginta pedum altitudinem excrescentem vel cruda editur, vel elixa: caulis ipse ad unius ulnae mensuram, sub fructu habetur in deliciis; cru-

of an ell below the fruit, is considered a great delicacy. When raw, a little pepper being mixed with it, in taste it far surpasses the Spanish artichoke; and the huge stalk, more like a peeled walnut, and well equalling the trunk of a great tree, though not a tree however, but a vegetable, bears but a single cabbage. There you may see a very tall tree which they call the *soap* tree. The grains of the soap tree do not exceed in size a filbert nut. The fatty covering of these cleanses and scours after the manner of soap, although they say that it is injurious to the finer sort of linen. Many of these grains brought by me to Maryland I have planted—the hope of future trees. Among the trees, they also number the *Palma Christi.* Although it has a trunk porous and like a bean, it bears a large cluster of berries somewhat of an ashy color; it is covered with thorns and speckled with black spots. From these berries an excellent oil is pressed. Lemons of a golden color, citrons, pomegranates, nuts which the Spaniards call Cocoas, and other fruits of the warm regions, grow here in abundance.

There is a fruit which they call *guaccar*, of a gold color, and of the form of a lime; in taste, however, it resembles a quince. The *pupais,* in color and form, is not unlike it, but, as it is very sweet, it is used in preserves.

dus admixto pipere sapore cardum hispanicum superat; et juglandi nudatae propior, ingens caulis arboris bene magnae truncum adaequans neque tamen arbor sed legumen, brassicam fert non amplius unam. Ibidem videre est arborem satis proceram quam *saponem* vocant. Grana saponi nucem avellanam non excedunt magnitudine; horum pinguis tunica, saponis instar, purgat et deterget, quamquam, ut aiunt, lino tenuiori inimica. Ex iis granis multa nucum ablata in Marylandiam mandavi terrae futurarum arborum semina. Inter arbores etiam numerant *Palmam Christi.* Quamquam, truncum illa habeat porosum et legumini similem racemum fert ingentem seminum coloris subcinericei, spinis armatum et nigris maculis inspersum. Ex his praestans oleum exprimitur. Mala aurea, citrina, granata, nuces etiam quas Hispani *cocos* vocant, caeterique calidarum regionum fructus ubertim proveniunt.

Est fructus qui *gnaccar* dicitur, coloris aurei, forma citri minoris, gustu tamen referens cydonium. *Pupais* colore est et forma non absimilis, sed praedulcis cum sit, condiendis tantum cibis adhibetur.

But the pine-apple excels all other fruits in the world which I have tasted; it is of a golden color, and very pleasant when mixed with wine—in size it is equal to two or three European nuts of the same name, of form not unlike them, but in construction not marked with so many little divisions and protuberances, which, when put to the fire, yield their nucleus, but soft and tender, enveloped in a little membrane. It is very agreeable to the taste, not having a bitter kernel, but throughout equally pleasant to the palate. Nor is the crown wanting which it deserves, for without doubt it may be called the queen of fruits. It has a spicy taste, and, as far as I can judge, resembling strawberries mixed with wine and sugar. It contributes much to the preservation of health, agreeing so well with the constitution of the body, that although it corrodes iron, it is beyond aught else nourishing to man; nor do you pluck it from a high tree, but there is one for each root, standing out from the root like Spanish card. I was desirous of putting one of them with these letters into the hands of Your Reverence, for nothing but the fruit itself can give an idea of it.

On the 24th of January, at night, having weighed anchor, and about noon of the following day, having passed the Is-

Praecellit autem caeteros, quos alibi terrarum gustavi fructus *Nux Pinea*. Est ea coloris aurei, vinoque mixta gratissima, tres vel quatuor ejusdem nominis nuces europeas mole adaequat, figura non admodum dissimili, sed operiosiore, non tot distincta loculamentis et modulis, qui, adhibiti ad ignem, nucleum reddant, sed mollis et tenella involuta membranula, gustui jucundissima, nullo aspera acino, sed a summo deorsum aequaliter palato arridens: neque deest quam meretur corona, haud dubio enim regina fructuum appellari potest. Gustum habet aromaticum, et quantum conjectura assequor, fraga, vino saccharoque mixta referentem. Sanitati conservandae plurimum confert, corporum constitutioni tam apte consentiens, ut licet ferrum exedat, hominem tamen, si qua res alia, quam maxime corroborat: neque praecelsa hanc quaeras in arbore, sed unam una ex radice, quasi cardui Hispanici prominentem. Optabam me nucem unam Paternitati Vestrae cum hisce literis tradere potuisse in manus, nihil enim illam praeter ipsam pro dignitate potest describere.

Vigesimoquarto Januarii de nocte subductis anchoris, et circa meridiem

land of St. Lucia on our left, by evening we reached Matalina. At this place two boats of naked men, who were afraid of the bulk of our ship, held up to our sight from a distance, pumpkins, cucumbers, fruit of the plane tree, and parrots for traffic. They are a wild race, corpulent, and daubed with purple paint, ignorant of a God, greedy of human flesh; having a little while before eaten up some English interpreters. The country which they inhabit is very fertile, but altogether a forest, without any open plains. A white flag being hoisted in token of peace, we invited those who were keeping aloof in the distance to come and trade; but disregarding the indication, they set up their own usual signals. After showing them and learning who we were, they took courage and approached nearer. But only a few bells and knives being exchanged, not trusting too much to so powerful a ship, they went to the pinnace, promising to bring better articles of trade the next day, if we should determine to remain. I hope some one's heart will be touched with commiseration for this abandoned race. A rumor set afloat by some shipwrecked Frenchmen excited interest among the sailors, that an animal is found in this island, on whose forehead there is a stone of uncommon splendor, like a fire-coal or burning

sequentis diei relicta ad laevam insula S. Luciae, sub vesperam tenuimus *Matalinam*. Hic duo lintres nudorum hominum molem nostrae navis veriti, pepones, cucurbitas, fructus platani et psittacos de longe ostentabant commutandos. Gens effera, obesa, pigmentis purpureis nitens, ignara Numinis, carnium humanarum avida, et quae Anglorum interpretes aliquot pridem absumpserat, regionem colit imprimis fertilem, sed quae tota lucus sit, nulla planitie pervia. Aplustro albo in signum pacis proposito, eos qui se a longe ostentabant, invitavimus ad commercia, sed indicium aversati, insignia consueta proposuerunt. Cum, his ostensis quinam essemus intellexissent, animis assumptis, accessere propius, sed paucis tantum tintinnabulis, et cultellis acceptis praepotenti navi non nimium fidentes, celocem adeunt, promittentes se, si consistere decerneremus, sequenti die meliores merces allaturos. Capiat olim, aliquem uti spero, derelicti hujus populi miseratio. Apud nautas increbuit rumor (ortus a quibusdam Gallis naufragis) reperiri in hac insula animal cujus fronti lapis inusitati splendoris insidet, prunae vel candelae ardenti similis.

brand. To this animal they have given the name of the *carbuncle*. Let the authors of the report believe their own story.

At the dawn of the day following, we reached another of the Caribbee Islands which they have named after Guadaloupe, because of a certain likeness between their mountains: and I trust it is no less under the protection of the most holy Virgin Mother of Guadaloupe. From that we reached Montserrat about noon, where we understood from a French galley that we were not yet safe from the Spanish fleet. Montserrat is inhabited by Irishmen who have been expelled by the English of Virginia, on account of their Catholic faith. Having spent a day we set sail for St. Christopher's, where we stopped for ten days, being invited to do so in a friendly way by the English Governor and two Catholic Captains. The Governor of the French colony, in the same island, treated me with the most marked kindness.

Whatever rare things are seen in Barbadoes I found here and in addition to them, a volcanic mountain, and, what you will wonder at still more, *the virgin plant;* so called,' because on the slightest touch of the finger it immediately withers and falls, though reviving after a little while, it rises

Huic animali *carbuncae* nomen indiderunt. Rei fides sit penes auctorem.

Die proximo illucescente alteram Carebum Insularum attigimus, quam asperorum montium similitudo hispanice Guadalupae fecit cognomen, estque uti confido sub tutela ejusdem SSae. Virginis Matris. Inde Monserratem tenuimus circa meridiem, ubi ex lembo gallico intelleximus nondum nos ab Hispanorum classe tutos esse. Habet Monserrate incolas Hibernos pulsos ab Anglis Virginiae ob fidei Catholicae professionem. Tunc ad Moevium pestilenti aere et febribus infamem Uno die absumpto vela fecimus ad sancti Christophori, ubi decem dies substitimus, a Gubernatore Anglo et Capitaneis duobus Catholicis amice invitati. Me in primis benigne accepit Coloniae Gallicae in eadem Insula Praefectus.

Quaecumque apud Barbados rara visuntur, hic etiam reperi et praeterea non procul a Praefecti sede *montem sulphureum*. Et quod admireris magis, *Plantam Virginem*, sic dictam quod minimo digiti contactu confestim marescat et concidat, quamquam data mora reviviscens iterum assurgat. Placuit mihi inprimis *locusta arbor*, quam suspicio est praebuisse

again. The locust tree especially pleased us, which, tradition says, afforded sustenance to St. John the Baptist. It equals the elm in size, and is so grateful to the bees, that they are most ready to make their hive in it. The honey, if you take away the name of "wild" neither in color nor in taste differs from the purest honey I have tasted. The fruit, also retaining the name of locust, consists of six beans within a hard shell, in taste resembling flour mixed with honey. It bears for seed four or five nuts somewhat larger. I have brought some of them to plant in the earth.

At length, sailing from this we reached what they call Point Comfort in Virginia, on the 27th of February, full of fear lest the English inhabitants, to whom our plantation is very objectionable, should plot some evil against us. Letters, however, which we brought from the King and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Governor of these regions served to conciliate their minds, and to obtain those things which were useful to us. For the Governor of Virginia hoped, by this kindness to us to recover the more easily from the royal treasury a great amount of money due to him. They announced only a vague rumor, that six ships were approaching, which would reduce all things under the power of the Spanish. For this reason all the in-

victum S. Joanni Baptistae; ulmum adaequat altitudine, apibus tam grata ut libentissime illi favos suos implicent: mel si nomen sylvestris demas, neque colore, neque sapore a purissimo quod gustavi melle differt. Fructus etiam, locustae nomen retinens, in duriori cortice sex fabarum siliquis pari, medullam continet mollem, sed tenacem, gustu farinae similem melle mixtae; semina fert grandiuscula quatuor vel quinque coloris castanei. Horum aliqua terrae inserenda asportavi.

Ac tandem hinc solventes, caput quod vocant Consolationis in Virginia tenuimus 27 Februarii pleni metu ne quid mali nobis machinarentur Angli incolae, quibus nostra plantatio ingrata admodum erat. Literae tamen quas a Rege et a summo Angliae Quaestore ad earum regionum Praefectum ferebamus, valuere ad placandos animos, et ea quae nobis porro usui futura erant impetranda: sperabat enim Praefectus Virginiae hac benevolentia erga nos facilius a fisco Regio magnam vim pecuniae sibi debitae recuperaturum. Sparsum tantum rumorem nunciabant adventare sex naves quae omnia sub Hispanorum potestatem redigerent: indigenas

habitants were under arms. The thing afterwards proved to be in a measure true.

After a kind entertainment for eight or nine days, making sail on the 3d of March, and carried into Chesapeake bay, we bent our course to the north, that we might reach the Potomac river. The Chesapeake, ten leagues broad, and four, five, six, and even seven fathoms deep, flows gently between its shores; it abounds in fish when the season of the year is favorable. A more beautiful expanse of water you can hardly find. It is inferior, however, to the Potomac, to which we gave the name of St. Gregory.

ea propter omnes in armis esse, quod verum postea experti sumus. Rumor tamen vereôr ab Anglis ortum habuit.

Post octo vel novem dierum benignam tractationem tertio Martii vela facientes, et in sinum Caesopeach invecti cursum ad Aquilonem deflexímus, ut fluvio *Patomeach* potiremur. Sinus Caesopeach latus decem leucas placide inter littora labitur, profundus quatuor, quinque, sex et septem orygis, piscibus cum favet annus scatens; jucundiorem aquae lapsum vix invenies. Cedit tamen fluvio Patomeach, cui nomen a S. Gregorio indidimus.

[*To be continued.*]

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.
APRIL 14th, 1872.

An intimation reaches us here that a communication from this eldest of American Catholic colleges would be welcome to your pages. Far be it from us to decline acceptance of the courtesy proffered. Our venerableness does not make us shrink from contact with those younger sisters of ours who will claim to be represented side by side with us in your journal.

The number of our students has not varied much from year to year since the recent war. At the breaking out of that war, the return of many northern students to their homes, and the departure of almost every southern student who was old enough to bear arms, reduced the numbers in attendance to a very low ebb. The subsequent occupation of a large portion of the buildings by the govenment as a military hospital, and of the grounds by its soldiers, necessarily kept our numbers within the same narrow limits, and made us, moreover, unpleasantly familiar with the exigencies of military routine, since we could neither go out nor in anywhere without the password of the day. With the restoration of our normal condition, came an increase in the number of our students, and since the close of the war, the average attendance, including a few day-scholars, has been about 160. The catalogue contains usually a list of over 200 names, but this includes all who have attended for any portion of the year. Before the war, we accommodated 300. Whenever the condition of the Southern people (for the North is amply provided with Catholic Colleges) shall have improved, we may expect a return to our former numbers.

Those who are ignorant of the facts, might suppose that our College—since I speak of *Catholic* Colleges—was resorted to by Catholics alone, but it is a fact that many Protestant parents prefer to have their children educated in Catholic institutions, partly for the greater security of their morals, partly on account of the more thorough, or at least better grounded course of instruction they impart. Hence, we have all sects represented among our students, not excluding Jews, of whom we have four. Probably one fourth of our students of the present year are non-Catholics. One of our graduates of last year was the son of a Lutheran minister: another of a few years previous is a devout Methodist preacher and has erected a meeting house to officiate in at the Little falls of the Potomac, close by. None of the Catholic students hesitates in the least, from motives of human respect, to resort to the confessional in the presence of all the others, or to present himself at the communion rail in the morning. About one fourth of all who have made their first communion go weekly. On festivals, of course, the number is larger. Many go to confession weekly as a matter of self discipline. Among the Protestants who have sojourned with us for a reasonable period, none can leave us to swell the ranks of the enemies of the church, which might have been the case had they gathered no knowledge of Catholicism other than that afforded them at home. A few, probably two a year, apply for Baptism. In some years, this number has been exceeded. In the time of the annual retreat to the students, the Protestants are exempted from attendance (though a few request the privilege to be present), but good-humoredly bear the . . ? of "Black Sheep" and fraternize as cordially with the Catholics in recreation as if there were no division of any kind between them. Of five members of Congress who send their sons or wards here, only one is a Catholic. All these particulars are so well known that I hesitate to repeat them; but you may have readers to whom the in-

formation is novel, either because they reside abroad and do not know the country, or, because living in this country, they have never visited this portion of it. To these, statements of this kind are not without interest.

The retreat was preached in March last by F. Wm. Francis Clarke, one of our graduates of forty years ago, and by F. Wm. B. Cleary, and was in every respect a success. Not a single Catholic failed to comply with his duty. There are every year among the younger students, and occasionally among the more advanced, some who have not made their first communion. All, except the very youngest, receive suitable instructions, and make their first communion before the close of the year.

The two sodalities, one for the younger, the other for the older students, are flourishing, and embrace, it is believed, all the Catholic students who have made their first communion. Each has its grand reception of new members annually, to which all the solemnity possible is given. That of the older students has already been held: that of the younger is shortly to take place; the reception being deferred longer in this case, on account of the necessity of giving the young Postulants a prudently long probation. The conduct of our boys is in general exemplary. Gross immorality, or such a violation of the more important rules of the College as involves expulsion, is extremely rare. We seldom hear any but favorable accounts of our students of past years, and our graduates, especially, fill places of honor and usefulness. We send one or two subjects a year to the Novitiate.

In conclusion, of the religious statistics appertaining to our establishment, it might be added that the weekly Catechetical lecture is in the hands of the Professor of Rhetoric, and that four other Fathers take turns in preaching the short Sunday sermon to the students.

There is a laudable emulation in the classes, and the "roll of honor" every month embraces a number who receive

two and three "tickets" as heads of their respective classes. On the other hand, the number of those who fall below the point of toleration in the monthly marks, as read out, rarely exceeds three. As this is a risk equally incurred in the Classical, Mathematical, French, and, perhaps, other classes, this number may be considered infinitesimally small. The Philosophers now occupy the rooms formerly appropriated to Scholastic students. They have changed the name of the locality to Mt. Aquin.

Our religious family is composed of twelve Fathers, five Scholastics and nineteen Brothers. Of the former, besides Fr. Rector and Fr. Minister (who is also Prefect of Studies), one teaches Theology to the three who are here engaged in that study, and is Spiritual Father; the students in Philosophy and Rhetoric absorb three more; Chemistry and Physics, another: our ex-Professor in these branches, (and, as every body who has been to the College within the last thirty-five years knows, this means Father Curley,) is still as devoted as ever to his green-house, so that green-house and Fr. Curley are correlative terms. Two other Fathers are head prefects, one on the large, the other on the small boys' side: another conducts the financial and agricultural departments (our grounds, including the Villa, embracing about two hundred acres), and is Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Tenalley town: the twelfth delves in the library, and is amanuensis for odd occasions. Two Scholastics are Prefects and students of Theology; two others, Prefects and teachers; the fifth (whilom with you) takes care of his health and of his progress in Theology. A Scholastic novice also assists in the Prefectship and in the infirmary. We have besides three secular teachers and a music teacher who reside within the College grounds, and a teacher of drawing and another of Spanish, who come from without. French and Mathematics are impartially distributed among the Fathers and teachers mentioned above. German is taught by one of the Scholastics. A large number of hired

men and boys, among the former of whom are some who have grown old in the service of the house, are in regular employ for in-door and out-door needs.

The severity of the past winter occasioned an unusual amount of sickness among our students, and the persistent inclemency of the weather so greatly restricted out-door sports, except skating and snow-balling, that doubtless pure *ennui* lent its aggravating force to the existing cause of indisposition. But when the first symptoms of spring appeared, a general exodus from the infirmary took place and the brother infirmarian is enabled to devote himself anew to the cultivation of the little garden which the ordinary prevalence of good health left him time to develop in the grounds fronting on the infirmary: and this little spot is now radiant with blooming bulbs and in its setting of polished shells (of the *Venus Mercenaria* and *Ostrea Virginiana*).

Those who have not visited the College within a few years past will remember that this space was occupied with high ground, all of which has since been removed to a level with the small boys' grounds beyond. The latter have been enlarged and improved at the expense of many thousands of dollars. All the grounds forming our Southern boundary, a portion of which was recently a series of grassy hillocks interspersed with rocks and dwarf cedars, are now terraced and under cultivation, and one looks down upon the broad Potomac just below, and the busy canal beside it which transports the coal from the mountains of Western Maryland to this little fleet of vessels to the left, or carries it over the great aqueduct which bestrides the river, winds on past the heights of Arlington and terminates at Alexandria, dimly visible in the distance,—one looks down on all this, and eastward, over the roofs of Washington to the vast pile of the Capitol beyond, from amidst the varied and luxuriant plants, vegetables and flowers of our garden.

The celebration of St. Cecilia's day by the students, was, as to its music, a creditable exhibition of the proficiency of our young instrumental and vocal performers. The addresses on the occasion were exclusively by the Rhetoricians, and were of far more than ordinary merit. The celebration of Washington's birth-day (Feb. 22nd) was, as usual, in the hands of the Philodemic Society, who did ample justice to the occasion and won many praises from the judicious audience.

Our young vocalists supply our choir with fair success. Our instrumentalists are not only able to furnish festive music, but have expanded into a band, which wakes the echoes of Georgetown. Their diligence in practice is above all praise. The cadets have lately reörganized, drill frequently, and will probably go upon a target excursion. The hope is entertained that base ball will not monopolize this year as it has done for two or three years, all the muscular energy of our boys, but that a place will be found for military exercises as well.

The Law Department will hold its commencement in June. For a new institution, in its first year, it is doing extremely well. From the high character of its Professors, one of whom is a Judge of the Supreme Court, the result is not unexpected. The address on the occasion will be delivered by U. S. Attorney General Williams. The Medical Department has closed its course for the present year, with the graduation of 23. This institution continues to hold its high position. The great numbers who attend the commencement exercises make it necessary always to select the largest audience room in Washington.

I have thus run over hastily (though not perhaps as succinctly as I ought) the prominent points of interest in connexion with the college, leaving perhaps much unsaid that ought to find a place, and inserting some things that will probably entertain nobody but myself, and I must now close with a short reference to some recent distinguished visitors of ours :—Yes, close without having said a word about our

beautiful "Walks", the surprise of all who visit them, and the delight of those who frequent them habitually. But your faithful recollection will supply this omission, and to all others, it is easier to say "come and see" than it is to describe.

The visitors I allude to, were Iwakura, the chief of the Japanese embassy and six of his attendants. They were accompanied by Minister De Long, Mr. Rice, interpreter, and by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren and Mrs. De Long, both Catholic ladies. The first visit was to the library, where many Japanese and Chinese books, or works bearing upon the history of Japan were exhibited. Among the latter, Charlevoix's History attracted especial attention, and the title was duly noted, that a copy might be procured. After quite a stay here, they visited the museum, which was carefully inspected. The only one of the Japanese who spoke English recognized and called by name the Mastodon, the great bone of which you will remember.

Hence they proceeded to the Cabinet, and here, as elsewhere, were greatly interested and asked many questions. They seem not to have seen an Electrical Machine before, and Iwakura and all the rest, with the greatest good nature formed a ring to receive shocks from this as well as from the hand battery. An exhibition of the Solar Microscope was also given. After being conducted over other portions of the house, and admiring the magnificent view from the upper windows, the whole party were invited to a collation. As they were proceeding to their carriages, after a stay of about two hours, the cadets drew up in line before them, presented arms, and requested one of the students to address the visitors, which was done by J. E. Washington in complimentary terms, and Iwakura replied courteously. The address of the boys, of course, concluded with the request that the Japanese prince would procure them a holiday for the remainder of the day, which F. Early kindly assented to, and the visitors drove away, followed by enthusiastic cheers. They next called at the Visitation Academy

where they made as long a visit as they had made with us and seemed equally delighted. The Japanese were dressed in American style. Iwakura presents the appearance of a man of firmness and dignity. Mr. De Long states that the persecution of Christians attributed to Iwakura did not take place as described, or was political in character.

FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGE OF BELEN AT HAVANA.

The Royal College of Belen (*Bethlehem*) in the city of Havana traces back its origin to beginnings which, though unpretending in themselves, were, nevertheless, not unattended by such difficulties as are wont to embarrass undertakings of some moment. As the Spanish Government was anxious to lay firm and solid foundations for the education of youth in its possessions beyond the seas, and as for a long time back it had been contemplating the erection of a central college in the Island of Cuba, under the title of Royal College of Havana, after mature deliberation it resolved to carry out so praiseworthy a design, and to confide the Institution to the charge of the Society, which had been banished from the kingdom since 1835. In furtherance of this plan, P. Domingo Olascoaga, who was afterwards appointed Provincial, set out from Belgium for Spain in 1851, and thanks to his zeal and activity, it came to pass after a short time, that the Government of Her Majesty threw open the gates of the Peninsula to the Society, founded at Loyola a mission-house and novitiate, and

charged itself with the support of thirty novices who would furnish subjects for the houses to be founded in the colonies.

At that time the Most Excellent Sr. D. Francisco Fleix y Solans was Bishop of Havana, and at his solicitations, the first three subjects whom the Society sent to Cuba, embarked for that Island. These were F. Bartolome Munar, Superior, F. Cipriano Sevillano, and Br. Manuel Rubia. On their arrival at the port of Havana, April 29, 1853, they were welcomed with every mark of esteem by the civil and military authorities, as well as by the principal inhabitants, but especially by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, in whom they ever found a most tender father and generous protector.

Many were those who claimed the honor, as they called it, of showing hospitality to the Fathers; but they yielded to the entreaties of D. Bonifacio Quintin de Villaescusa, Rector of the Collegiate Seminary of San Carlos, who had prepared accommodations for them. Several reasons impelled the Fathers to prefer this dwelling-place; but the chief one was that this very Seminary had been a house founded by the old Society, and possessed by it for more than fifty years, under the title of St. Ignatius' College. Thus by a special and loving disposition of Divine Providence, it was brought about that after nearly a century of interruption, the Fathers of the Society commenced their apostolic labors in the same church and residence, which had witnessed the glorious toils of our forefathers in religion.

After a few days had gone by, as it did not seen prudent to detain the Fathers in Havana, exposed to the dangers of yellow fever during the sultry heats of summer, they were sent by the Bishop to the beautiful country seat of San Antonio de los Baños, twenty-three miles distant from the Capital, and one of the most healthy and picturesque spots on the Island. Here they remained for five months, during which time they devoted themselves to preaching, hearing confessions, preparing the children for first confession and communion; and then terminated their stay at the villa

with a nine days mission, an exercise then almost forgotten in those regions, and from which they gathered most abundant fruits.

Meanwhile, excavations were being made for the erection of the new college at Havana, in the field called Penalvar. The Fathers having received timely notice from His Excellency, the Captain General, Don Valentin Cañedo, presented themselves anew in the city, on the 10th of October, of the same year, 1853. This was the day appointed for laying the first stone; the solemnity took place in presence of the authorities, and of the most prominent inhabitants: there was besides a vast assemblage of people, and all were filled with joy on beholding the reëstablishment of the Society in their midst. The work then went on with great speed, so that at the end of a few days, three or four feet of solid masonry arose above the deep foundations; but it was not carried on with equal earnestness after this, and when a few months had gone by, the work was entirely suspended, under the pretext that it would cost too much to carry out the original plan.

As the hot season was now over, the Fathers established themselves permanently in Havana. They occupied in the Calle de las Virtudes a modest dwelling house, rented and furnished at the expense of the Government. They applied themselves to the labors of the ministry and to the spiritual direction of the students in the Episcopal Seminary, and patiently awaited the decision of the authorities in regard to the College. Deterred by the obstacles encountered in the prosecution of the work which had been undertaken, the Government renewed a proposition which had previously been made, to open the classes in the old Convent of Mercy: but the Fathers, who already understood the wants and the desires of the Cuban people, firmly declined to accept the offer. And it was not without good reasons. For, in the first place, this building was in so ruinous a state, and the rooms were so few, narrow, low and damp, that it was use-

less to think of lodging there the staff that would be required for a College. In the second place, the house was tenanted by some venerable old men, survivors of the ancient community of the Order of Mercy, who had no desire for any thing else in this world, except to end their days, and to be buried in the peace of the just, beneath the shadows of the sanctuary which had witnessed their birth in the religious life; and it is clear, that it was neither just nor becoming to deprive them of this last and natural consolation, by wresting away from them this cherished home. Finally, the people of Havana, who justly valued the merits of these holy religious, and who as yet did not know the Fathers of the Society, would have become ill-affected towards the College, were it established in the Mercy Convent, to the prejudice of the ancient and lawful occupants. These and other weighty reasons the Fathers laid before Her Majesty's Government, which deemed it proper to take them into consideration.

But in spite of the favorable attitude of the Government at Madrid, it is very probable that matters would have remained at a stand-still, had not the reply of the Cortes coincided with the appointment of a new Captain General, the Marquis de la Pezuela. This nobleman reached Havana towards the end of the same year, 1853, and on his arrival, the aspect of things changed on all sides. He forthwith set enquiries on foot so as to find out which of the public buildings could be most conveniently transformed into a good college; and as the Fathers showed a preference for the Convent of Our Lady of Bethlehem, in which Gen. Segundo Cabo with a battalion of troops was then quartered, he issued a command for the immediate cession of a portion of the building to the Fathers, promising to place the whole of it at their disposal, as soon as accommodations could be provided elsewhere for the soldiers who were then stationed at Belen. In this manner every obstacle was overcome, and thus the Society entered

into possession of the spacious, beautiful and solid building of *Nuestra Senora de Belen*, at present a Royal College for Secondary Instruction.

The year 1854 began under these favorable auspices. On the 17th of January, FF. Munar and Sevillano, and Br. Rubia removed to the unoccupied portion of the building, along with FF. Jose Cotanilla and Nicasio Eguilioz lately arrived from Guatemala.

Hereupon, so urgent were the requests of many parents, that it was necessary to open several classes without delay, and to admit some pupils as day-scholars, uutil such time as they and other students could be transferred to the class of boarders, after such alterations had been effected as were required for carrying out the plan of studies.

As the intention was to found in the Convent of Belen a complete system of secondary instruction, both in the elementary and higher branches, and to raise the standard of studies step by step up to the grade of those systems which prevail in the European schools of highest repute, and to establish a College that would reflect honor on the Island of Cuba, and which might vie with any houses of instruction whether at home or abroad, it was indispensable to enlarge the capacity of the building to the utmost of its powers, and to introduce all the improvements of which it happened to be susceptible. Various changes had to be made in its internal arrangements; rooms had to be widened; vigilance, good order and discipline had to be facilitated by giving more openness to some of the yards and passages, and by constructing commodious and spacious dormitories. All these improvements were brought in as soon as the Convent was evacuated by the military troop which had been holding it. The Fathers took possession of the whole edifice on the 10th of August, 1854. Before this time, at the end of May of the same year, they had been put in charge of the Church of the Convent, which till then had been under the direction of an ex-cloistered

religious congregation, to whom another Church and residence not far from Belen were now assigned.

At this point, we cannot refrain from offering a testimony of our most affectionate gratitude to the noble Marquis de la Pezuela, from whom the Society received such great marks of esteem, and who, in so providential a manner, assumed the Government of the Island of Cuba, at a time when his full support and protection were essential for the College of Belen. The Society of Jesus and the whole Island will be forever grateful to this worthy gentleman and gallant soldier, who, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, brought it to pass during his short term of office, that so magnificent an educational establishment, should be thrown open to the Cuban youth.

It also seems opportune here, as an historical remembrance and as a testimony of love for our brethren, to give some brief account of what the Convent of Belen was, of its foundation and of the Religious of Bethlehem who bequeathed to us so splendid a residence.

This edifice so firmly built, so vast in its proportions, was erected towards the end of the seventeenth century by that renowned benefactor of mankind, D. Juan Francisco de Carvallo, who died Jan. 16th, 1718. It was meant to be a hospital for convalescents, under the patronage and protection of Our Lady of Bethlehem and of St. James. The East wing of the building, which is entirely of cut stone, is divided off into immense, vaulted halls; it has besides several inner court-yards surrounded by galleries and arches, an elegant cloister, and three stairways of great artistic merit. That all might admire, and that the intelligent might understand, the structure and disposition of these staircases, and of a plain stone arch which is above the porch, the Corps of Royal Engineers gave orders that the plaster which covered them should be removed, and forbade that they should ever in future be covered up. This is attested by a marble tablet let into one of the arches. The Church which fronts eastward terminates the structure on the north-

ern side. It is Greco-Romanesque in style, with a single nave in the form of a Latin cross, and although not very large, still it is finely finished with heavy pointed arches, and has a majestic and elegant cupola,—the whole being made of very good stone. Its construction dates from 1687, and is due to the illustrious bishop of Cuba, Dr. D. Diego Evelino de Compostella, who dedicated it to St. James of Alcalá, as is testified by two statues of this Saint, one of stone on the second story of the front, and another finely carved in wood, which is venerated at the high altar. The date of erection and the founder's name are marked by the following inscription above the sacristy door:—

HANC . BASILICAM
IN . EXTREMO . CIVITATIS . POSITAM
A . FUNDAMENTIS . EREXIT
DIDACUS . EVELINUS . DE . COMPOSTELLA
ANNO . DÑI . MDCLXXXVII

Beneath the large chapel or presbyterium is the Pantheon around the sides of which are ranged the last resting places of the Bethlehemite Brethren, and in the middle fronting the altar rises a modest but neatly carved sarcophagus in which repose the remains of the chief patron of the house, D. Juan Francisco de Carvallo.

For our own Society this beautiful church is not wanting in sweet memories which make it still more worthy of our love and veneration. Here rest the ashes of nine of our ancient brothers in religion, who in their passage through Havana, as they were proceeding to Europe from different provinces of America, on the general expulsion from all the dominions of Spain in the time of King Charles III., were received and ministered to in the Hospital of Ntra. Sra. de Belen and of San Diego, and thence passed to a better life. Their names are written on a tablet, which in

remembrance of Our Brethren and for our example was inserted in one of the walls of the temple.

A. (M.) Ω.

CINERIBUS
NOVEM . E . SOCIETATE . JESU . SODALIUM
ANTONII . CEPEDA . FRANCISCI . IGUARRATEGUI
JOSEPHI . MUÑOS . MARTINI . ALCOCER
MICHAELIS . BENJUMEA . FRANCISCI . LARRETA
SACERDOTUM
JOSEPHI . BARROTE . FRANCISCI . VILLAR
ANTONII . ORREZ
SACERDOTII . EXPERTUM
QUI . EXEUNTE . AN . $\overline{\text{MDCCLXVII}}$
EX . DIVERSIS . AMERICAE . PLAGIS
CUM . SOCIIS . EXULANTES
MATURIOREM . ET . FELICIOREM
AERUMNOSAE . PEREGRINATIONIS . EXITUM
INVIDENDA . MORTE . OBIERUNT
ET . HEIC . A . BETHLEMITICI . ORDINIS
FRATRIBUS
HONORIFICE . CONDITI . SUNT
SOCIETAS . JESU POST . $\overline{\text{LXXXVI}}$. ANNOS
IN . SODALIUM . BENE . MERITORUM
SEPULCHRUM . SUCCEDENS
AD . POSTERITATIS . MEMORIAM
PONENDUM . CURAVIT

Not less worthy of special mention is the Venerable Father, Manuel del Rincon, Superior of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Havana, who was a man remarkable alike for virtue and learning, enriched during life with wondrous gifts of God, and after death renowned for prodigies; our Church has the honor of possessing his body, which is buried at the foot of St. Anthony's altar. This venerable servant of God did not belong to the Bethlehemite community, but being persecuted and calumniated by envious men when there was question of elevating him to the episcopal see of Santiago de Cuba, he was by royal orders sent as a prisoner to the Convent of Belen. There, after enduring many sore afflictions with heroic patience and magnanimity, after giving striking proofs of virtue and sanctity, he was overtaken by death, whilst waiting for the decision in the suit which his enemies had preferred against him before the Supreme Council of Castile. The case was decided in favor of Father Rincon, but it was then too late. In atonement for whatever obloquy might chance to rest upon his memory on account of the imprisonment, the Council ordered that his funeral obsequies should be celebrated with the most imposing display, and at the public expense, that all the Government officials should honor them by their presence, and that a monument should be erected to his memory in the church of Belen.

Directing now our attention to the Bethlehemite Religious for whom the building which the Society now possesses was originally erected, we know that they remained in it until 1845, constantly devoted to the care of the sick and the gratuitous instruction of youth. In the above-mentioned year, their number having become greatly reduced, the Community was dissolved, and the few remaining members were thenceforward pensioned by the State.

There is now but one survivor of those who formerly belonged to this Convent; five have died since 1853, and the funeral ceremonies of all these took place in our Church, in accordance with a resolution of the Fathers who took

possession of the College. *Ours* always took great pains to visit them frequently and help them in sickness; they on their part always came with pleasure to the College, being delighted that it had been granted to the Society, instead of being converted to profane uses, or perhaps destroyed.

The Founder of the Mendicant Order of the Bethlehemites was the Venerable Pedro de Bethencourt, who was born May 21st, 1626, at Villaflor, a town of the Island of Teneriffe, and he established his first house in the ancient city of Guatemala, to which place he came in 1650. In 1655, having assumed the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, he hired a small house in a retired quarter of the city, and dedicated himself to the teaching of children, instructing them chiefly in the Christian Doctrine. Shortly afterwards, the owner of the house having made him a gift of it, he converted it into a hospital for the poor, and built alongside of it an infirmary of boards, thatched with straw, so that he might be able to receive a greater number of the destitute and needy. He himself waited on them in their sickness, and allowed them to want for nothing, as he collected plentiful alms to supply all their necessities.

As the reputation of Bethencourt gradually spread, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities looked favorably upon his enterprise, charitable persons aided him with their means, and enabled him to erect a large hospital, at the building of which he labored with his own hands along with the workmen. A stately edifice quickly arose, with wards, cloister and oratory, and after it was completed, Pedro admitted some companions who had offered themselves, and formed with them the Bethlehemite Congregation, so called from the name of the hospital which was dedicated to Our Lady of Bethlehem. The care of the sick did not make Pedro forget the instruction of children, for he founded a school for them in the hospital. After his death, which happened in 1667, the constitutions drawn up by the founder were adopted by the congregation, some slight modifications being introduced by his immediate suc-

cessor. Houses of the same institute for female religious were afterwards established in order to take care of sick women. These Hospitallers of Bethlehem subsequently spread through Mexico and Peru, and in conformity with the founder's instructions, a school for boys was established in every hospital. The Institute received the confirmation of King Charles II., and was approved by Pope Innocent XI., in a Bull dated March 26, 1687, which placed it under the rule of St. Augustine.

Clement XI., in 1707, granted to it all the privileges of the Mendicant Orders. These religious added to the three essential vows a fourth, by which they bound themselves to the care of the sick, and also to the instruction of children in catechism, reading, writing and arithmetic.

There is a large oil painting which fills the entire front wall of the choir in our church of Belen, in which are depicted these duties of the Bethlehemites; namely to teach youth, to wait upon the sick, to transport them on their shoulders to the Convent Hospital, and the religious women are seen fulfilling the same duties towards girls and the sick of their own sex.

Although in the beginning, they employed the services of secular priests, they afterwards obtained faculties to have two priests of religious orders attached to each convent, and three priests as chaplains for each of the mother-houses at Guatemala, Mexico, Havana and Buenos Ayres. In these four houses the novices were formed, the principal house always being that of Guatemala, as it ranked first of the Order in time of foundation. In the kingdom of Mexico, or New Spain, they had ten houses, and seventeen in Peru; and, although attempts were made to plant the order at Madrid and at Rome, still the institute never passed beyond the limits of America.

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., June 8th, 1872.

Rev. Father in Christ;

The enclosed letter was written by the late Dr. M. L. Linton, a few days before his death, with a view to leave on record his estimate of the Society. The Doctor was a convert to our faith, and was one of the most prominent Catholic laymen of our city. He had been for twenty-eight years attending physician of the St. Louis University, and during that period he had become intimately acquainted with nearly all the members of the Missouri Province. He died in the peace of the Lord on the first day of June. The following extracts from the editorial notices of some of our leading journals, show how much he was esteemed by his fellow citizens:

"By a very large circle of friends and acquaintances the announcement of the death of Dr. M. L. Linton will be read with surprise and sincere regret. For thirty years a resident of our city, he was thoroughly identified with its interests, its growth and its prosperity. A prominent physician in active practice, a medical professor, and at times taking an active part in political matters, Dr. Linton was constantly thrown in contact with great multitudes of people, and there were but few men in the city more extensively known than was the subject of this sketch."

* * * * * * * * * *

"This eminent man was the son of a Methodist preacher. His father died a few years since in Kentucky. Having to be the artificer of his own fortune, he left home, and went to Springfield, Kentucky. There after some time he be-

came a teacher, and got acquainted with an Irish gentleman, Dr. Poling. Receiving instructions from him he became a good classical scholar, and got also his first inclinations to Catholicity. The Doctor perceiving that young Linton was a youth of talent and capacity, enabled him to prosecute his studies in medicine, so that he got after a time, a Diploma from Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky. After a few years practice, aided by his father-in-law —the Hon. Judge Booker, Springfield—Doctor Linton went to Paris, and there made himself an adept in his profession.

"About this time he became a Catholic, which provoked a preacher in Springfield, the Rev. Robert Grundy to come out in a pamphlet against him. Linton replied with much ability, which called forth, a second pamphlet; and this led to a rejoinder which satisfied the public that Grundy had met more than his match in learning and ability. We may add, that the Doctor signalized himself subsequently on several occasions in the same line.

"In 1842, induced by the late Doctor Prather, he removed to St. Louis and became Medical Professor to the St. Louis University. For nearly thirty years Dr. Linton was visiting Physician at the University, and was in the best practice in the city whilst health remained.

"Though the Doctor knew what it was to want money in his youth, yet the nobility of his soul was such, that to the rich he was moderate in his charges, and the working man he treated gratuitously. We lately heard of a patient of his who had been treated successfully, and though an economist, yet thought that his Doctor being eminent would have a heavy charge against him, and therefore took a good round sum to meet it. He asked the Doctor's demand. The latter, looking at him, inquired whether he was not a working man. The patient said he was. "Very well," said the Doctor, "when I want the money I shall send to you for it," asking however neither his name nor address Who can wonder, then, that crowds attended his obse-

quies at St. Francis Xavier's, to offer up prayers for his eternal rest, and that "troops of friends" followed the remains to the grave."

* * * * * * * * * *

"During his residence in St. Louis, Dr. Linton was also engaged in the active practice of his profession, in which he had marked success. As a teacher he was distinguished for faithfulness and ability, and as a practitioner for conscientiousness and great professional skill.

"He was a man of decided opinions and strong convictions, and ever maintained them with boldness and firmness, but always with courtesy. He wrote largely on professional and other subjects, and was no mean poet when he chose to unbend himself in that way. He published a work on pathology, which is remarked for its accuracy and originality.

"While Dr. Linton was master of the learning of his own profession, he still had time to devote to the study of general literature, politics and religion, in all of which he had matured views and opinions. He avoided any public participation in affairs of politics or State, except in great emergencies; but on one or two extraordinary occasions when forced into the public service, the State profited greatly by his ability and large-hearted patriotism. At the time of his decease, he was in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He leaves a widow and six sons and daughters to mourn his loss."

* * * * * * * * * *

"A great and good man has fallen. Our friend of a quarter of a century is dead. It has been the writer's pride that he had such a friend; a friend with a great head and a great heart, a noble Christian friend, a generous, self-sacrificing, devoted friend. Who does not know Dr. Linton in this great city? His name has been heard throughout the valley; the productions of his pen have been read and praised across the ocean. He was a philosopher and a poet.

Dr. Linton was an invalid for forty years; his body moved slowly and frequently required a long rest; his mind was restless, resistless, quick, vigorous and brilliant; his wit was sharp and his repartee unrivalled. Dr. Linton's limited early advantages were only known to the associates of his youth. He had by the force of intellect and untiring mental industry become a polished scholar, learned in the ancient and modern languages. It is unnecessary to refer to his distinction as a physician and professor; thousands of the rising and established medical men of the country are daily sounding his praises, and his name must pass beyond the present generation."

Resolutions of the St. Louis Medical Society:

"The members of the St. Louis Medical Society, and of the medical profession of the city, having been called together to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of their late distinguished and honored fellow-member, Dr. M. L. Linton, whose death is justly regarded as a public, not less than a professional loss:—Therefore be it resolved:

1. That in Dr. M. L. Linton we acknowledge a man of high intellectual and moral endowments. That in the greatness of his intellect he was ever enabled to discern the path of truth, and in his firmness of purpose to avoid the devious ways which lead to error.

2. That over his life there shone the truly Christian spirit, which humbled all pretensions and pervaded him with the highest of all the virtues, charity.

3. That we will ever hold his memory dear and exalt his image to the esteem and affection of the profession.

4. That we tender our sincere sympathies to the family of the deceased in this their great bereavement, and as a mark of our respect will attend his funeral in a body.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be enclosed to the family, and also that they be spread on the records of the

St. Louis Medical Society, and be published in the daily papers and medical journals of this city."

The following is the letter above referred to:

St. Louis, Mo. May 14th, 1872.

Dear Father O'Neil:

I wish to say a few things to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis. Since I entered their hospitable doors thirty years ago up to the present hour, I have been the recipient of their kindness and benefactions. I cannot express my gratitude and therefore shall not attempt it; I wish merely to record it. If Almighty God has an heroic and faithful vanguard in the church militant, it is most surely constituted by the Society of Jesus. The more I think about this organization, the more I am convinced that there is something miraculous about it. Contemplate the life of St. Francis Xavier whose canonized relics are religiously guarded at Goa, who wrought more miracles than the adored man-God Himself and all His Apostles.* This assertion was made by one of Mr. Seward's party in their recent visit to the shrine of the Saint, and it is the general belief in that part of India of those of all creeds. This Order checked, hurled back and forever crippled the confident and advancing hordes of Protestantism. A. M. D. G. Who invented this motto, I should like to know? – The grandest four words, the greatest thought that mortal language affords. They embrace Heaven and Earth, they apply equally to the most august Hierarchs in the presence of God, and the humblest denizen of our globe,—they include what is sublimest in eloquence and song, they indicate what is holiest, worthiest and best in eternity as well as in

* We suppose, the writer meant this as an expression of the traditionary belief, to which he refers in the next sentence. It is in this sense that we accept the statement.

Editor W. L.

time. Please do not call this *raving;* for if it be, then I have been a lunatic without lucid intervals for several years.

I am very thankful to God for my long acquaintance—I may say my intimate association with the Jesuit Fathers. Most of them whom I first knew, have preceded me to the grave—tho' much younger than I am now. How often do I recall and gaze upon their familiar faces, and ask myself why such men should die so soon. I believe in the Catholic Church—every article of her creed from the divinity of Christ to the infallibility of the Pope. I want a firm faith now as the time for my going hence approaches; I beg of all the Jesuit Fathers, and the Brothers too, an occasional prayer. If I live, I shall go to my country residence this week; and I never expect to leave it, until I am removed to another residence, which I have provided for myself and family near the foot of the cross in Calvary. And now, my dear Fathers and friends, with a heart full of gratitude, yea, deep and abiding love for you all, I bid you adieu.

M. L. Linton.

The following lines were written by him on another occasion:

THE JESUITS.

DEDICATED TO FATHER DE SMET.

In every clime beneath the sun,
Toil their heroic bands—
They brave alike the stormy seas
And wild barbarian lands;
Their tents are spread 'mid arctic snows,
And burning tropic sands.

They mingle with the savage throng;
They build the halls of lore;
Their temples to the Living God
Are seen on every shore;
They teach and guide the kings of men,
They teach and guide the poor.

All truth, all science is their theme—
Whatever man can know.
They scan the starry heavens above
And everything below.
To bring to God a fallen race
Earth's pleasures they forego.

They seek no honors from the world—
Enough that their record
Is filled with good works done for man:
They look for their reward,
Only as tireless champions of
The glory of the Lord.

Talk of your heroes of an hour,
Your men of science name—
Your Sages, Poets, Orators
May human homage claim—
But only God's true servants rise
To everlasting Fame.

LINTON.

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Rev. and Very Dear Father:

P. C.

Having devoted myself, in a particular manner, to the spiritual interests of the Germans all over the United States, I had long cherished a wish to extend the sphere of my labors to the western shores. But I was obliged to defer the execution of this project from year to year, because the harvest was not yet ripe for the reaper's sickle. I did not wish to descend into the burrows and caverns of the gold-seeker, where but little notice would have been taken of the missionary and his work. The image of the Crucified would have seemed strangely out of place in those underground temples of mammon. I concluded, therefore, to wait until the gold fever would abate somewhat, and congregations would be formed, to which I might give a mission *in forma*.

The auspicious moment arrived at last. Hardly had the Pacific Railway been opened, when I was beset with invitations from all sides to come at once to California. The request of the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, in particular, was very pressing. But just then new obstacles of another kind arose.

It was the year 1869. The Vatican Council was about to open its first memorable sessions, already so fruitful in mighty results. I had anticipated the movement in favor of Papal Infallibility, and was intensely busy preparing three batteries for the ensuing campaign. I had been making ready to publish a work on that question in three different languages in America, Switzerland and France. Wishing to spread it broadcast over the globe, I had made a

present of a copy to each one of the Anglican Bishops, and I was just then holding a correspondence, by the Atlantic cable, with the Abbé Bellet, to make arrangements for the French edition. Under such circumstances, it seemed advisable not to embark in new enterprises far away and to separate myself still more from Europe, by withdrawing to the farthest extremity of the American continent. I was not a little perplexed what course to take. Happily I was a religious; what reasoning could not do, the word of my superior did at once. Father Provincial, to whom I referred the matter, cut the Gordian knot. "Go to California" was his advice. And *go* I did, without any detriment to my activity in Germany and France. Thanks to the electric wires and to the magic power of steam, which have annihilated time and space, I did my share of fighting for the cause of Christ and of His Vicar even on the other side of the ocean, and kept up a constant fire, until the battle was won and the foe lay gnashing his teeth in harmless fury.

But how was I to go?—by sea or by land? Such alarming accounts were afloat concerning the pretended perils of the new inland route, that it looked at least akin to rashness to risk one's life upon it. It was asserted that even engineers had refused their services at a salary of $500.00 a month, and that the road was already covered with all sorts of fragments. Moreover, if an accident should occur, whence was relief to come in those homeless regions far beyond the Ultima Thule of Western civilization? For a thousand miles the road is laid over untenanted plains, in the arid sands of the desert or through the endless passes of the Rocky Mountains. Again I applied to Father Provincial, to learn what way I was to go. His answer was: "By Rail". There was a mysterious charm in these words that smoothed every difficulty away. I had to go to San Francisco, without delay and by Rail.

I started from Cincinnati early in July; but I did not travel through the whole length of the road at once. I halted to say Mass every day until we reached Omaha. Tor-

rents of rain were meanwhile falling; the trains were behind, and the rumor prevailed that the Railroad track had been greatly damaged and partly washed away. Even the priests at the Cathedral advised me not to expose my life, but to wait for better weather. I replied, that I was expected in San Francisco, that nobody could tell when the rain would cease, and that, if others could run a little risk for the sake of temporal gain, I could afford to do as much for higher motives. Finally, I added jestingly that, after all, I had rather go to heaven by steam, than take a canal boat and get there too late. I have not regretted the step I then took. For some hundred miles we travelled slowly and almost felt our way; but farther west the weather and the road gradually became better—much better than I had anticipated. After we had passed the damaged places, the journey was really delightful. I had not, indeed, credited all the exaggerated reports of dangers, evidently fabricated by party spirit, jealousy and hatred; yet I certainly could never have believed that the new road would be as smooth as if it had been used for years.

For six hundred miles west of Omaha you are sped along over the smoothest prairies, boundless as the waters of the ocean. Nothing but the green sward below, and the blue sky above, ever meets your gaze; it is like travelling on a sea of grass. At the same time the ground is slowly rising, until the cars have reached an elevation of well nigh eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then, in the dim, hazy distance, the Rocky Mountains rise into view, and, like so many little sand-hills, serve to diversify the monotony of the interminable table-lands. As you advance, they unfold their giant forms before you in their full proportion, and even in July shroud their snow-capped summits in the clouds. It was the first time I had seen snow-peaks since I left the Tyrol, twenty-three years ago. I like the sight of mountains; they are such a beautiful emblem of firmness, grandeur and contemplative quiet.

The farther we rolled on, the better I understood how the Pacific Rail road could have been built in so short a time. All the ground from Omaha to the Sierra Nevada seems to have been laid out by the hand of nature itself for the purpose. There is scarcely a creek or run to cross—all is smooth and level as a threshing-floor. Where the mountain ranges begin to traverse the prairies, ravines always open at the proper places to allow the road to pass. Even the great Western Desert presents no barrier to the enterprise of thrifty man. This blighted spot of earth extends mainly from Salt Lake for many hundred miles to the westward. The soil is alkaline, and the prospect sad and cheerless in the extreme. The sterile monotony is interrupted only for a while as you pass Utah, where the Mormons have changed the face of the earth, and forced chary nature to pay an unwilling tribute to their industry. Like the children of the earth generally, they enjoy here below the blessings of Esau—the fat of the land—in which they must soon be buried with all their grovelling desires and sensual gratifications. Poor, blinded, fanatical men! How the Catholic heart feels and bleeds for them! Nevertheless, I had the consolation of receiving some Mormons, who reside in California, into the pale of Holy Church.

On the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada there are some highly picturesque scenes, and an "observation-car" is attached to the train, for the convenience of such as love to study nature in all its weird, fantastic grandeur. They certainly have an occasion to gratify this passion to the full. Here solid ledges of stone—nature's own matchless architecture—tower aloft in massive strength, like columns that support the blue canopy above; there a solitary and apparently detached rock stands beetling in chilling sublimity above the rest, and seems ready at every instant to topple down from its untenable position and crush the passing cars below. But, until now, no such accident has been so much as heard of. Many other interesting objects arrest the trav-

eller's attention as he darts along heedless of time and distance. At one time, he learns that he is crossing the meridian which divides the western continent in twain, and that he is midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific; at another time, he is shown an enormous tree with the inscription—"1000 miles from Omaha."

I have already mentioned that, even where the mountains cross the plains, passes always open, through which the tracks are laid. The only exception east of California is at the so-called "Devil's Gate", where bridges had to be suspended on high, closely lined by mountain-cliffs. But, when once you reach the land of gold, nature seems to say to man "So far, and no farther, shalt thou go." Yet man, conscious of his genius and his strength, when first he heard these defiant accents, only smiled and by his actions replied: "I shall, I will, I must go through." He addressed himself resolutely to his task, and already has he accomplished it.

I like this untiring energy, this indomitable courage, which stops short of no labor, which is appalled by no difficulty. It is a refreshing thought that, even in this effeminate age of ours, men can be found to start and carry out an enterprise so arduous and heroic as the laying of the Atlantic Cable or the crossing of the Sierra Nevada by cars. It is a powerful sermon to me; for it proves what man can do, if he is only in earnest. What wonders we might ourselves achieve, if we did half as much for God, as worldlings do for pleasure, money and renown! In this respect we may learn many a useful lesson from the children of men, and say to ourselves when we consider their deeds, as St. Augustin did when he meditated on the lives of the Saints: "Potuerunt hi et hæ; cur non ego?" They could do it for earth, and why should not I for heaven? They could do it for evil, and why should not I for good? They could do it for the devil, and why should not I for God?

For the last three or four hundred miles of the journey, the cars continually dash along precipices at times a thousand feet deep, or roll over trembling trestlework more than

a hundred feet high. In several different places they pass for many miles under snow-sheds; but experience has already proved, that even these are not always able to keep the road sufficiently clear for use in winter. The route lies through the gold region, to which the first adventurers came to dig in search of the glittering treasure at the surface of the earth. It is really disgusting to see with what greed they have stirred up the country all around, forgetful of the words of the Holy Ghost: "Beatus vir qui post aurum non abiit." Strange to say, even the most fortunate of those first gold-hunters, who now remain in California, are poor and only live to verify another saying of the Holy Ghost: "Pro mensura peccati erit et plagarum modus."

Though the journey from Omaha to Sacramento City lasts four days and nights, it is anything but fatiguing. One day's ride on an eastern road is often more annoying. The cause of this may be, that the cars are furnished with all the latest improvements and with all appliances that can minister to the comfort of this over-delicate body of ours Besides, the Pacific is the only road that keeps time exactly. On inquiring in Omaha, when the cars would arrive at Sacramento, I was told "on such a day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon." At 2 o'clock P. M. on that very day, the conductor entered the cars with the cry "Sacramento!" The reason of this exactness is very plain: there are no crossings, and so the cars keep on at full speed all the way, without that endless loss of time caused by the hundred and one connections that you must inevitably make on every other line.

At Sacramento I changed the cars for a steamer, and arrived that same evening in San Francisco, where I put up at our college of St. Ignatius on Market Street. Our Fathers there are doing a good work. Though they have no Parish Church, their sphere of usefulness is none the less extensive. In fact, I do not recollect having been in any other church of ours in this country, where I have seen a

greater throng of worshippers than in this. The building is about 180 or 200 feet long by 60 or 70 feet wide, with spacious galleries all around. From 5 o'clock on Sunday morning until 10 o'clock, when the High Mass begins, one mass follows another in quick succession, and at every one the church is filled to its utmost capacity. Our church in Chicago must have presented a similar scene after the late disastrous conflagration.

The whole property, including the church and the college building, is now valued at about half a million. Yet the Fathers are desirous to sell the place and buy a cheaper plot of ground in another quarter of the city. This would enable them to start both church and college on a grander scale, and at the same time clear them of the debt with which they are still encumbered. But circumstances, over which they have no control, prevent them from carrying out this plan at present.

The city of San Francisco itself far surpassed all my expectations. I had pictured to myself a motley collection of houses, loosely spread out over a sandy bottom, with a sparse population like that of Chicago along lake Michigan some years ago. But this is by no means the case. The old quarter of the city is built on very uneven ground; indeed some portions of it climb over such enormous hills, that it is a simple impossibility for heavily-laden wagons to scale the streets. The streets are well paved, and cars are constantly running in every direction. Indeed they are more systematically connected in San Francisco than anywhere else except in Philadelphia. Elegant buildings are springing up on all sides, and every thoroughfare is thronged with a restless crowd rushing wildly to and fro on business. Do what you will, you must submit to be borne along by the current. Unless you are very firm of limb, you are in momentary danger of losing your foothold and of being landed rather unpleasantly upon the uncushioned sidewalk. The very appearance of the people struck me

as singular. In other cities of the Union the looks of men tell of their love of money, but in San Francisco every trace of the countenance seems to cry: "gold! gold! gold! honestly or dishonestly; for, gold must I have, though the demon of gold himself should presently take me in charge and check my baggage for his own country."

In my next, I purpose giving a sketch of my missionary movements in this quarter of the globe.

Respectfully &c.

F. X. Weninger, S. J.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FATHER PETER KENNY.

The memory of Father Peter Kenny, whose rare virtue the incident given below so touchingly portrays, is fondly cherished by the Jesuits of Ireland and Maryland.—When the Brief of Suppression reached Ireland, it found the Society in that persecuted land poor in earthly goods, but rich in zeal for souls and charity to their neighbor. To use the words of Cretineau-Joly, "making common capital of their poverty, the members of the suppressed order generously worked the field committed to their zeal and awaited better days." Father Richard Callaghan, an old missionary in the Philippines, whose hands and tongue bore the scars of torture undergone for the faith, directed the secularized Jesuits. Later on, about the year 1807, these holy men began to make efforts for the restoration of the Society in Ireland, but the subjects received were, for want of opportunities at home, sent abroad to make the necessary studies.

The death of Father Callaghan in 1807 and that of Father Thomas Betagh in 1811 broke the last link that bound the new subjects to the old Society.

Father Kenny, who succeeded Father Betagh in November 1811, took up the traditions of the venerable men who had gone to their reward, and became in fact the founder of the restored mission in Ireland. Under his auspices, a college was opened, in 1814, at Clongowes Wood in the county of Kildare, and, later on, a Seminary at Tullabeg in King's County.

Twice, once in 1819 and again in 1829, Father Kenny came as Visitor to the Maryland Province. After his return to Ireland, he went to Rome in 1833 as Procurator for his province, aud died in the Eternal City that same year.

The venerable Father Mc Elroy, to whose interest in our periodical we are indebted for the subjoined incident, endorses it in the following terms:

"The following was written many years ago, at my request, by a Sister of Charity at Mt. St. Vincent's Convent, near Yonkers, N. Y. This Sister (Cecilia), remembers to have seen Fr. Kenny in Dublin, when she was quite young, but the incident subjoined she learned from her mother.

"One morning, many years ago, a large concourse of people had assembled in and around the Jesuits' Church, Gardiner St., Dublin. The most devout were occupied with their prayers, while all were in expectation of a fine sermon from the well-known and eloquent Dr. Kenny. His name had been pretty freely passed from mouth to mouth outside the church door, and his merits pretty freely discussed; but no one ever dreamed of the display of virtue, great as it is rare, which they were to witness in Dr. Kenny.

At length the Holy Sacrifice was begun, and curiosity was for a while forgotten in devotion, when the preacher made his appearance and commenced as follows: "Who is this great Dr. Kenny? A moment's attention, my beloved brethren, and I shall inform you. He was simply a poor

barefooted Irish boy, the only son of a poor widow who lived in a cellar on Michael's hill, and sold turf. The poor old widow sent her boy to school, but often found him during study hours in the street playing ball or marbles with boys of his own age. Sometimes the poor woman would follow him all the way to school:—but this she could not do every day, so that he was much of his time in the street. On one occasion his play was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of his mother with a rod in her hand, ready to make him feel the effects of it: of course the boy ran with all possible speed, and the poor woman would soon have lost sight of him had he not been arrested by venerable Father Betagh, who held him till the poor woman reached the spot. Then Father Betagh accosted her: "My good woman, what has the boy done?" "Your reverence" replied she, "he has my heart nearly *broke*. I am trying to pay two pence a week out of my hard earnings to keep him to school, and here he is, day after day, idling in the streets" "Don't touch the boy", said the good old priest. Here the poor woman wept, exclaiming: "He'll break my heart!" "Not so," replied Father Betagh, "not so! Bring him to me to-morrow at 11 o'clock and I shall see what can be done with him".

The next day at the appointed hour he was received with more than fatherly affection into the house of Father Betagh. Here he was sent every day to the free school at Sts. Michael and John's, and after school, was employed in cleaning the knives and blacking boots. After a time he was sent to a Latin school by the same kind Father Betagh, was educated for the church, and is to-day a priest here in this pulpit.

And this is the great Dr. Kenny".

A FAVOR OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

By not a few, it was thought a good presage for the future of our periodical, that the first and second issues should each coutain a notice of miraculous effects wrought by the use of the Water of Lourdes. The remarkable favors conferred on two members of our own community of Woodstock would lead us to entertain the consoling belief, that Our Lady of Lourdes has received with benignant love the poor efforts which we have made to increase the honor of her new shrine. It is not for us to characterize the two occurrences given below as miracles,; but so far removed are they from the ordinary course of nature, that we prefer to sin rather on the side of credulity, than by timid silence to fail in manifesting the gratitude which thrilled the whole community at the time these favors were bestowed.

On May 23rd, one of the coadjutor brothers, who had been working all morning in the kitchen, left it about 12 M. to prepare for Examen and Dinner. He did not make his appearance at table however, and after the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, he was found lying in a speechless and unconscious condition on the floor of the Brothers' Ascetory. The Infirmarian was called and, as soon as possible, medical aid from the village was in attendance. The Physician could not determine the nature of the attack, but thought prudent to treat the sufferer for apoplexy, although many of the usual symptoms were wanting. Bleeding was first resorted to, and quite a quantity of blood was taken from the patient without effecting any apparent change in his condition. Numerous applications of strong mustard plasters followed, but failed to relieve the unconscious sufferer. More violent remedies were then tried. A strong

electric current from a powerful battery was induced in the body of the patient with no better results. As the last means, a slight quantity of croton oil was administered, with a view of producing a change in the internal system, and at the same time a powerful fly-blister was applied behind the ear. No desired change resulted from these efforts of the Physician and he was obliged to acknowledge his inability to do any thing more for the patient. From about half past twelve o'clock, when the stroke must have fallen upon him, until nearly nine P. M., the brother remained speechless and unconscious. When all means used to restore him had failed, a few attendants watched beside him for the first gleam of consciousness, that he might prepare for death, which seemed inevitable.

But two days previously, some new Professors for the Scholasticate had arrived, bringing with them, at the request of our Rev. F. Rector, some water from the Grotto of Lourdes. Strangely enough, during the many hours of our brother's illness, the presence of this miraculous water had escaped the remembrance of every one. About supper time the thought of making an application of this far-famed water occurred to one of the community. During the evening recreation the original package containing it was opened, and R. F. Rector took a small portion to the bed-side of the unconscious man. Kneeling, he recited with the attendants a short prayer to Our Lady, and then forced into the mouth of the brother a few drops of the water. *Instantly* the sick man recovered sense and speech. The Rector asked him how he felt, and he answered that he felt quite well; at the same time he sat up in the bed and seemed ready to rise and walk about as usual. By the direction of the Superior he composed himself to sleep for the night, and, excepting the natural weakness consequent on the loss of blood and the violence of the other remedies used, he suffered no further from his severe attack.

As we premised, it is not our province to pronounce authoritatively the supernatural character of this happy

change; but the instantaneous restoration of one who had lain unconscious for hours, under the most severe remedies, cannot fail to excite languid faith and awaken gratitude to the Mother of God, who seems to have drawn so near us. Such at least was the effect produced in our community. After Mass on the following morning, R. F. Rector announced to the community the circumstances of the singular favor which had been accorded to our brother, and all united in reciting in thanksgiving the Litany of the B. V. Mary.

Three weeks later, the same brother was again stricken with a slight attack of like nature, and the attendants taught by the experience of the previous case, made another application of the Water of Lourdes, and relief instantly followed.

With a few lines respecting still another favor attributable, we are convinced, to the use of this same miraculous water, we close this feeble tribute of gratitude to the Mother of God for the merciful interposition wherewith she has blessed our community, trusting that devotion and love towards Our dear Lady may be renewed in all hearts.

One night during the early part of June, one of the scholastics was seized with violent pains in the groin and about the kidneys. The infirmarian was called and applied some remedies which failed to give any relief. The pain continued unabated for three hours, when some Water of Lourdes was applied and the cessation of the suffering was instantaneous. It returned no more; and in the course of the day the scholastic was enabled to resume his ordinary duties.

THE LATE FATHER MALDONADO.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

The amiable and devoted life of Father Maldonado, whose last days were spent in Woodstock College, is so closely connected with the interests and the destinies of the Society in other places, that we should be wanting in charity towards our brethren at a distance, did we not give such expression to our sympathy with them, as our own feelings will allow, while the roses that we have scattered on his grave are not yet withered. France and Italy, England and America have shared with his native Spain the pleasure of his presence; he still remains embalmed in the hearts of his friends, and his memory only grows sweeter with time. We feel called upon to give an account of the charge which we have held in trust these three years, to touch in passing upon the principal events of his humble yet instructive career, and in particular to chronicle the circumstances of his happy departure, for our mutual comfort and edification.

Father Charles M. Maldonado was born at Quintanar de la Orden, a village of La Mancha, in Spain, on the 21st of September, 1816. A few days after his birth, his pious parents took him to Valencia, their usual place of residence, where they implanted in his infant heart the first germs of virtue, destined soon to produce abundant fruits. Yielding to the attractions of grace, which called him to the Society, he forsook his father's house at the early age of fifteen, and set out for Madrid, where he was admitted into the Novitiate on the 27th of October, 1831.

In the very cradle of his religious life he was rudely rocked by the hand of persecution, and made to taste the bitter cup of exile for the love of justice. In 1834, he escaped the fate of some of the Jesuits, who were killed by the mob in our College of St. Isidore, Madrid, during one of the many revolutionary movements subsequent to the death of Ferdinand VII. And when, after eighteen months of incessant troubles and vexations, the Jesuits were finally expelled from the kingdom, young Maldonado, then a student of Rhetoric, was sent by his superiors to Naples. After studying Philosophy there for two years and teaching the Mathematics for four, he commenced his course of Theology. In September, 1845, he was raised to the holy priesthood, and a year later he passed his examination *ad gradum.*

Just then the Rt. Rev. Archbishop Hughes, of New York, had erected the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Joseph's, at Fordham, and placed it under the direction of the Society. The Jesuits applied to Europe for Professors; and, on the 14th of December, 1846, Father Maldonado arrived in answer to their request to fill the chair of Dogmatic Theology. In November, 1850, he went to Mexico in the interest of the mission of New York and Canada, and after his return, January 6th, 1852, he entered upon his third year of probation at Frederick, Maryland. But he remained there only till the following August, when he resumed his duties of Professor at Fordham.

In June, 1853, the Society was allowed to reenter the land of Ignatius, and, in October, Father Maldonado, who had been called home, left this country to teach Theology in the College of Loyola. In the course of a single year, the Society in Spain had largely recruited its decimated ranks by new enlistments; and, as the government would allow no other house but that of Loyola in the whole kingdom, the Scholastics were sent to the Seminary of Laval, in France. Father Maldonado accompanied them in his capacity of Professor, and by his genial manners beguiled

the hours of their exile. During the last vacation which he spent in France, he was appointed superior at the villa, placed at the disposal of the Society by Madame Ducoudray, whose martyred son was then himself a scholastic, and acted as minister. As usual, Father Maldonado endeared himself to all hearts, and received the thanks of his youthful community in the form of a neatly-conceived little French poem.

In 1857, at the request of Bishop La Puente (afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Burgos), the Jesuits took charge of the Central Seminary in Salamanca, whither Father Maldonado now removed with his Spanish Scholastics, and where he filled, for eleven years, the same chair of Theology once so famous for the learning of Suarez and other lights of the old Society. At the end of the first three years, he was also made Rector of the Seminary, and, besides continuing to teach his class, assumed the government of a very large community.

In the fall of 1868, he went to Rome as Procurator of the Spanish Jesuits—never more to return to the land of his birth. The revolutionists, who were again up in arms, seized the reins of government; and the Jesuits, always the first victims of rebellion, were outlawed on the soil of Spain. Father Maldonado, once more an exile, sojourned a few months in France and England, in the hope of being assigned to some quiet and secluded place, where he might continue teaching or studying, and prepare his copious theological writings for the press. Providence had already prepared this place for him. Woodstock College was about to open its classes, and judged itself only too happy in securing the services of such a theologian.

Accordingly Father Maldonado landed a second time on our shores, and spent three happy years in our midst—far removed from the storms and upheavings of the old world, and waited upon by the affection of all who knew him. He was devotedly attached to his new home, and it was

only at the repeated instances of his superiors, that he consented, in the beginning of last July, to make a short trip to New York. He was received by his former friends there with such cordiality, that he seemed actually to have forgotten the settled habits of a life-time. At home, he left his room but seldom, and was exceedingly careful not to expose himself to the summer sun or become overheated. In New York, he often spent a great portion of the day in the sun, and by his presence encouraged the innocent diversions of the Scholastics.

He returned to Woodstock on Friday, the 19th of July, apparently in better health and spirits than ever; but on Saturday night, he was taken with a slight bilious attack, which continued over Sunday and Monday without any alarming symptoms. The attending physician of the house visited him, and some of the Scholastics waited on him day and night, more from affection than from necessity. On Monday night, however, the features of the disease began suddenly to change. Inflammation and mortification of the bowels set in, and an icy coldness came over his extremities. Early on Tuesday morning, two messengers were despatched to Baltimore for a second physician, who arrived towards evening, and agreed with the other that, unless the sick man rallied during the night, there was no hope.—The bell that roused us from our slumbers next morning, also tolled the "De profundis" for his repose.

The strongest stimulants had failed to produce any effect; and towards midnight it had become painfully evident that nature must soon give way. Rev. Father Rector was at his side, and with difficulty succeeded in persuading him that his dissolution was so near at hand. He felt the same strength and vigor of mind as ever, and could not believe that this was death. He wished to wait till the following day to prepare himself the better for the last visit of his Lord. When that was refused, he asked for at least one hour to make ready for confession. But, as his last

moments were fast approaching, it was not deemed advisable to grant even so much. He acquiesced, made his preparation immediately, and after confessing with the greatest edification to Father Rector himself, requested that, when he would have died, his writings might be burned.

He became, at once, unusually gay and cheerful, and even indulged in some of his accustomed, innocent pleasantry with the assistants who were arranging his room for the administration of the last sacraments. At one o'clock, A. M., he received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. He answered distinctly to all the prayers of the Church, and tried, though unsuccessfully, to make the sign of the cross. After this he spoke but little more to men. He appeared to be absorbed in sweet communion with God and resigned to the divine will. At five minutes of four, he desired to be raised up in bed; but a film covered his eyes immediately, and he lost his sight. His assistants, who had been supporting him, replaced his head upon the pillow, and one of them remarked: "You are going, Father, and happily too—during the Novena to St. Ignatius." "That is true," replied he, smiling, and fell calmly to rest. There was no agony, no struggle. The same placid look as always upon his countenance; but before the recommendation of the departing was finished, his soul had returned to its maker,—and Father Maldonado was no more. "Obdormivit in domino." It was four o'clock, A. M., and one of the Fathers, who was just preparing to say mass for his recovery, changed his vestments to black, and offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul.

Could he have chosen his own death, it had been such as this. He had always shuddered at the thought of death; and it came so gently that he hardly felt its touch. He was afraid of ever incommoding his brethren in anything; and he passed away from among them so noiselessly and stealthily, that they were scarcely aware of it. He was away from home: yet some of his own country-

men were present to solace him in his last moments; and a Father, in whom above all others he confided, and whom a life-long acquaintance had linked to him in holy friendship, was near to administer the last consolations of religion.

Very Rev. Father Provincial arrived towards evening, and himself performed the last rites after mass on the following day, which was the feast of St. James, the Apostle and patron of Spain. The Fathers and Scholastics accompanied the venerated remains in surplices, and laid them to rest in the shade of our silent groves, with feelings which only they can share or fully appreciate who knew Father Maldonado intimately during life.

"Hidden with Christ in God," his life was for us all a school of those virtues which are often the most difficult to learn. He was, in many respects, the counterpart of Venerable Bede. The same studious industry, the same untiring devotedness as a guide throughout a laborious and bewildering task, the same strong, unconquerable faith, the same humility united to a vast erudition, the same unruffled serenity and generous fervor, the same harmonious blending of religious virtues with an intense, unquenchable thirst for knowledge, were distinguishing characteristics of the Jesuit Theologian in the nineteenth century, as well as of the Benedictine monk in the seventh.

Father Maldonado plunged into Theology with a holy, intelligent ardor. Study had grown into a sort of passion with him. He pursued it almost as much from pleasure as from duty, and made it his daily food and drink. He loved to hold a long, familiar converse with the greatest minds of the past. In the beginning of vacation, he would surround himself with the learned tomes of such authors as had written best on the matter of the next year's treatise; and, closeted in his room, he would draw from them streams of knowledge, in order to impart to us from his own fulness during the ensuing session. Suarez was his favorite author. He was wont to call him "eximius," or "egregius noster," and never departed from him without great diffidence or

without a short apology. Though he had taught theology for a quarter of a century, and had every lecture written out with the greatest care, he would, year after year, go over the same ground again, revising and correcting, adding and improving with the fervor of a beginner. During the eight years that he was Rector at Salamanca, where every one was at liberty to trespass on his leisure moments, and even on his night's rest, he had set apart a full hour just before class, for the immediate preparation of his lecture; and, during that time only, there was no access to his room.

He had analyzed and sifted, divided and subdivided every subject, perhaps with almost too great minuteness. He loved to multiply his arguments and to pile them on one another, until from their number alone they became truly overwhelming. He had a magic power of riveting the attention of his hearers; when he spoke, interest rarely flagged. He knew how to clothe even the staidest reasoning in the gayest and most attractive robes of style. His pupils were charmed, even when they found it difficult to follow him in his flights. His eyes, his hands, his whole person spoke. If the abstruseness of the matter were calculated to cause discouragement, a look at him was sufficient to quicken the drooping spirit.

At times he would set aside the logical severity of formal argument, and allow his mind and heart to overflow with those thoughts and emotions, which the subject matter naturally called forth. On such occasions, he was more than ever admirable. It was not merely a theological lecture that he was giving us; it was more, it was an exhortation too, and it taught us practically what he insisted on very often—how to turn to account the teachings of dogmatic Theology in moral sermons to the people. It was his faith that spoke to us; and his faith was really sublime. It showed itself in all his theological views. He never gave quarter to an opinion that was ever so little suspected or hazardous. He had a singular veneration for the teach-

ings of the Fathers, and would seldom, if ever, allow that any of them had differed, in a single point, from the received opinions of the schools. Even arguments from reason were generally backed by the authority of some ancient ecclesiastical writer, and so were informed with an element of tradition and faith. No one was more cautious than he to keep reason within its own sphere. He respected it, but only as the handmaid of revelation, who must guard against extolling herself above her mistress. He felt how liable the human intellect is to go astray, and drew from his studies and acquirements perpetual lessons of humility.

He was commonly reputed one of the most learned theologians of Spain; he was held in the highest esteem by some of the dignitaries of his own country, and the many prelates and other eminent men who had attended his lectures; he was reccommended to the special consideration of the superiors in this country by Father General himself, and had been offered, a little before his death, to choose any place of residence he might wish, in order to prepare his theological works for immediate publication. Yet he alone seemed to be ignorant of his own merits; he loved to bury himself in obscurity and to be forgotten. He had a holy horror for superiorships; and one of the reasons for which he tried to escape to the shades of Woodstock, was the fear which he had of being made Provincial, had he remained in Europe after finishing his mission as Procurator of the Province of Castile. He found his delight in the company of the young, and, with charming simplicity, descended to their level.

He was the very type of gentleness and charity. No harsh word or unkind remark was ever heard to cross his lips. He never dealt severely, even with an antagonist in the arena of Philosophy and Theology, unless the theories advanced were found to conflict with the utterances of faith or the plainest principles of reason. He inculcated nothing so earnestly and repeatedly on us as moderation of views, and taught us to hesitate before pronouncing dogmatically

upon a question still open in the schools, or hastily condemning the opinions of others as pernicious and unsound.

Yet it certainly was not indecision or want of firmness that made him so extremely tolerant and forbearing; for nothing was more marked and defined in him than his Spanish strength of character. It was his exquisite sensibility which taught him to respect the feelings and condescend to the weaknesses of others. It was his high-minded gentility of manner which accommodated itself to their inclinations and way of thinking. It was his child-like simplicity and guileless heart which made him a universal favorite.

We have witnessed the happy close of his career—the soft, cloudless sunset of a glorious day. He still retained the light, elastic step, the innocent playfulness and the bouyant spirit of youth, chastened and mellowed by years. He had the key to the heart; he could enter it at pleasure and hold it captive to his influence. All looked upon him as a father and consoler, to whom they would not appeal in vain for advice and comfort; and, when he exchanged this world for a better one, they grieved at his loss with an affection which was, perhaps, too natural, and, therefore, all the harder to control. More than one have burst into tears at the thought of him—have stood looking into his vacant room—have knocked through abstraction at his door, as though he were still within—or gazed up at the open window, from which he used to smile approval on those laboring in the flower-garden below.

His disappearance from among us seems like a dream; and it will be long before we have fully waked up to the reality. He is no longer in our midst: but his memory will always remain fresh among us and serve to remind us of what is expected from the Jesuit. For Father Maldonado was eminently the child of the Society. What he knew of science, of the world and of men, he had learned from her. He judged everything by her standard, viewed everything in her light. He personally felt her reverses, rejoiced at her successes, and, forgetful of self, labored in-

defatigably and quietly in her cause. She can never forget him, because a mother cannot forget the child of her bosom. It shall be our aim to solace her in her affliction, as best we may, by following at least from afar in the foot-prints which he has left, and reproducing in ourselves some of the many noble qualities which we have long since learned to admire in him. "In memoria aeterna erit justus."

FATHER OLIVAINT AND HIS COMPANIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF REV. FATHER PEULTIER.

Laval, June 8th, 1872.

I was prevented by a press of duties from writing to you when our Italian fathers were leaving for America; but I suppose you received the promise which I now fulfil and the souvenirs which I entrusted to one of them for you—I mean the photograph and relic of Père Olivaint. I hope you will appreciate them; they are very precious, and late occurrences have made them doubly so. Of course you understand me to refer to the miracles * which have been wrought through the intercession of our five martyred brethren, and particularly of Père Olivaint. They are very remarkable—so remarkable indeed that two or three of them seemed to absorb the entire attention of the Paris press, and were the occasion of many a wordy conflict between the Catholic and free-thinking journals. I think I have told you of the first of them; the instantaneous cure

* We wish to apply the word *miracle* under the restrictions placed upon the use of this term by Pope Urban VIII.

of a young person whom the physicians declared to be beyond hope of recovery. While the coffins of the martyrs were being transferred from the burial-place to our Church in the Rue de Sèvres, she asked her friends to carry her to that of Père Olivaint. They acceded to her request, and when in the court in front of the Church she was laid upon the coffin, and immediately rose from it in perfect health! This cure was witnessed by a large number of persons who assisted at the transfer; it caused a profound sensation throughout Paris, and has made the Mortuary Chapel a constant resort of pious pilgrims.

A few days ago, on the 28th of May I think, another miracle occurred to bother the heads of M. Renan and his brethren. The subject this time was a boy of ten, afflicted with a nervous affection which made him unable to walk or even to stand, and deprived him of sight and hearing. Medical and surgical aid was unavailing, and his life was despaired of. In this extremity, the thought of imploring the intercession of our fathers occurred to some one, and a Novena of prayers and masses was begun accordingly. On Sunday, May 28th, little Andrew expressed a desire to assist at the Mass to be said for his recovery. In vain his friends objected that he was tempting God, that at least he should wait for the last day of the Novena, etc.; they could not resist his pleadings, and carried him to our Church where he was laid on two chairs before the altar and propped up with cushions. His brother, two years older than himself, served the Mass, at which the whole family assisted and which was celebrated by a priest who was either a relative or a friend of the family. When the priest ascended the altar after the Confiteor, kissed the altar stone and said the words, *Oramus te, Domine, per merita sanctorum tuorum quorum reliquiae hic sunt, etc.*, he felt a strange commotion within himself and knew that a miracle was being wrought. The boy too felt that an unusual change had taken place in him, and that his legs were perfectly freed and cured. Still doubting and hesitating he waited a few minutes longer,

but at the Gospel he summoned courage to throw off the covering from his limbs and stood upright. You may imagine the astonishment and emotion of his parents. They extended their arms to support him, but he smilingly refused their assistance and told them that he was cured. Throughout the remainder of the Mass he followed the movements of the Congregation, prostrating at the Elevation, standing up, kneeling, etc. Every trace of his disease had disappeared. He heard a mass of thanksgiving, and at its conclusion, disengaging himself from the arms of his parents who were still doubting and wished to support him, he ran out to the street and absolutely refused to return home in any conveyance. He walked home, spent the rest of the day in frolicking and running about in the house and gardens, and when the members of his family or friends, who had been attracted by the report of the cure, reproached him with imprudence, he answered them; "Take care, if you do not believe, Père Olivaint may send my sickness back again."

Here is another interesting fact connected with the same child. The little fellow was not content with being the recipient of supernatural favors himself, he must obtain them for others; and so he prevailed upon some friends of the family who reside at Carpentras and who doubted the efficacy of our father's intercession, to select from among the patients of a hospital one whose case should be pronounced hopeless by the doctors. "Make a Novena with him," said he, "and you will see."—They accordingly visited the sick man together with a number of physicians from the faculty of Montpellier, and without telling them the reason why, obtained from them a written attestation of the impossibility of the man's recovery. Then they began the Novena, and on the ninth day the patient was cured!

Still another miracle for the glory of the martyrs. A religious of Abbeville in the diocese of Amiens, was told by her medical attendant to prepare for death, and her dissolution was expected daily. But one morning, so she relates,

Père Olivaint appeared to her together with another father whose brow was encircled by a halo and who carried in his hand the martyr's palm. Père Olivaint said to her, "My daughter, make a Novena and at four o'clock on the afternoon of the last day you shall be cured." His miracles were not known to the Community, and, as you may suppose, her account was not credited, and the apparition was attributed to the diseased imagination of the poor religious.

Nevertheless they began the Novena, though without any great hopes of success. On the seventh day the doctor declared that she was failing rapidly and on the ninth she received the last sacraments. At three o'clock in the afternoon she called for her habit, rose from her bed, and went with the Community to return thanksgiving to God and Père Olivaint!

Since I am speaking of Père Olivaint I may tell you that it is rumored that Father Boero, Postulator for the Saints and Blessed of the Society, will soon come to Paris to inquire into the matter. Who knows but we may one day celebrate the feast of *Blessed Peter and his Companions.*

D. O. M.

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